

Christian Secretary.

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"WHAT THOU SEEKST, WRITE—AND SEND UNTO THE CHURCHES."

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TERMS.

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The Conversion of Paul.

BY THE LATE DR. EMMONS.

His conversion produced a still more important effect. It disposed and qualified him for the most extensive influence in the world. His love and gratitude to his gracious Redeemer, who had arrested him in his mad career, and plucked him as a brand out of the burning, constrained him to devote himself entirely to his service. He felt as though he could never do enough for him who had died for him, and saved him from the wrath to come. He wished to know what Christ would have him to do; and when Christ told him, he was all obedience to his commands. So he says himself, "But when it pleased God, who separated me from my mother's womb, and called me by his grace, to reveal his Son in me, that I might preach him among the heathen; immediately I conferred not with flesh and blood: neither went I up to Jerusalem to them which were apostles before me; but I went unto Arabia, and returned again unto Damascus." And in giving an account of his conversion to Agrippa, he says, "Whereupon, O king Agrippa, I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision: but showed first unto them of Damascus, and at Jerusalem, and throughout all the coasts of Judea, and then to the Gentiles, that they should repent and turn to God, and do works meet for repentance." His conversion sanctified all his talents, his learning, and his rich fund of knowledge, and disposed him to consecrate them all to Christ in the work of the ministry. In this, he did more to convert sinners, to promote the kingdom of Christ, and to destroy the kingdom of darkness, than any other man, either before or since his day. He was a master builder in the church of Christ, and the most eminent and useful preacher that ever lived, except him who spoke as never man spoke. He was superior to all the other apostles in ministerial qualifications. He had read and studied the Bible at the feet of Gamaliel. He had read and studied at Tarsus, the Greek and Roman poets, philosophers and orators, among whom Longinus gives him an elevated rank. He was able to set the gospel in the most luminous and convincing light, and to confound all gain-sayers. And he spent his time, employed his talents, and sacrificed every personal interest, in building up the cause, which he once endeavored to destroy. At last, he sealed his testimony with his blood. All this great good was the happy fruit and effect of his saving change. I will add, "That his genuine conversion prepared him to live happily, and die triumphantly. Though he exposed himself to innumerable dangers, and scenes of suffering; yet he enjoyed that peace which the world could not give, nor take away. Says he, 'We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed; we are perplexed but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed; as unknown, and yet well known; as dying, and behold, we live; as chastened, and not killed; as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, yet possessing all things.' He enjoyed unspeakably more happiness, than he could have done in pursuing and obtaining the worldly objects which once absorbed all his attention, and engrossed all his affections. He received, according to Christ's promise, an hundred fold more of true happiness, even in this world, than he could have otherwise enjoyed. And at the close of life, he received a glorious recompense of reward, which gave him the triumph over death.

Hear him at the close of life. "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing." Such were the great, and happy, and glorious effects of Paul's conversion. And these effects are continually flowing from it, and will continue to flow from it forever and ever.

Remarks. 1. The conversion of Paul affords a clear and convincing evidence of the divinity of the gospel. Paul was once a bitter and powerful enemy to the gospel, and exerted himself to the utmost, to refute its truths and divinity. He had the most favorable opportunity to detect its falsehood, had it been false—he lived at the time and place where it was first published—he was heartily opposed to it—he had great talents and great information—he had great friends and patrons, and powerful

motives to overthrow the gospel. But it awakened, convinced, and converted him. And ever since it has been "mighty through God to the pulling down of strong holds; casting down imaginations, and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ."

2. The conversion of Paul demonstrates, that no sinners are beyond the reach of conviction and conversion. No person, perhaps, was to human appearance less likely to be converted than Paul. He was stupid—obstinate—approved and applauded by great and respectable friends—and had met with great success in his career of wickedness. But he was arrested, awakened, convinced and converted. Who then is beyond the reach of special, sovereign grace?—*Bost. Recorder.*

Remarks on Revivals.

The following excellent remarks on the present revivals we take from the Congregational Journal:

It is observable, also, that nearly all evangelical denominations share in the blessing, and share in it so equally, that it is impossible to say which is the most favored. The reception of the heavenly gift has naturally induced the spirit of heaven among brethren of different names, but one in heart, who have forsaken their bickerings, and jealousies, and party spirit, for the noble work of converting sinners from the error of their ways, and saving souls from death. The religious papers of different denominations, which are the true index of the state of the churches, have little of controversy and bitterness; while Christian professors, recognizing one another as brethren, walk together and labor together as heirs of the same grace of life.

It may also be noticed, that the present divine influence reaches nearly all the great centres of population. To a greater or less extent the Gospel is having free course and being glorified in Hartford and New York, Troy, and Buffalo, N. Y.; Philadelphia, and the large towns around it, in Pennsylvania; and the cities of Baltimore, New Orleans, St. Louis, and Cincinnati. It is not only important that such central points of population should be centres of divine influence for the sake of the population, but for the additional reason, that their intercourse with the country in business, in travel, and social relations, is the magnetic wire which conveys the influences and impulses of the city to the surrounding society and the remotest sections. The work is begun at Jerusalem, that it may spread out and widen to the plains of Jordan and the mountains of Galilee.

Such are our hopes; they may be disappointed; but when have they had so much foundation to rest upon? What is needed for their fulfilment is that those who believe in revivals and seek them, take their true position, that of profound humiliation before God. They should feel that they are nothing, and God all in all; that of themselves they can do nothing, while through Christ strengthening them they can do all things. Instead of talk there should be prayer; instead of noisy garrulity silence; instead of boasting, self-distrust, and self-abhorrence. There should be preaching of the truth, and not rant and declamation to arouse the passions; the exhibition of Christ, and not of one's self; close and vigorous grappling with conscience, but in the tenderness of friendship and love, not in the spirit and air of a theological bravo; and offensive truths, when spoken in love and bathed in tears, if they cause offence, are still the sword of the Spirit to slay the enmity thereby.

Ministers of the sanctuary! Captains of the Lord's host! and all ye who fear God and wait for his Son's appearing and kingdom, hearken to what the Spirit is now saying to the churches.

WHY DO YOU PREACH?—ANSWER. To win souls to Christ. "The sum and end of preaching," says Tillotson, "is to bring men to repentance, and a firm belief in the Gospel." It is too certain that by far the larger portion whom we address, need to be addressed as men still at enmity with God—still requiring to be "won to Christ."

LOUIS PHILIPPE AND DANTON.—A singular anecdote is told of the Duke de Chartres, now the King of the French, which can hardly have been published without the warranty of that high personage. Some business having brought him from Demouriez's army to Paris, soon after the massacres of September, Danton sent for him, and informed him that he had heard that he ventured in conversation to speak too freely on that subject. He told him he was too young to judge of such matters, and added, "For the future be silent. Return to the army; do your duty; but do not unnecessarily expose your life. You have many years before you. France is not suited for a Republic; it has the habits, the wants, and the weaknesses of a monarchy. After our storms it will be brought back to that by its vices or its necessities. You will be King! Adieu, young man. Remember the prediction of Danton."—*Edinburgh Review.*

Too Much Money.

Said a friend to us last evening—"I never saw but one man in my life, who acknowledged he had quite as much money as he knew how to dispose of. I had called to his house one day, when a gentleman present urged him to a scheme from which he might realize a great profit. 'You are right,' said he, 'as regards the probable success of the speculation, but I shall not embark in it; I have too much money now.' This very uncommon remark struck me most forcibly; and after the gentleman retired, I asked Mr. P. to explain. 'Yes,' said he in reply, 'I would not cross the street to gain thousands; I should be a happier man if my income were less. I am old, and in a year or two whatever I possess will avail me nought—my daughters are dead, and I have three sons upon whom I looked with a father's pride. My own education had been neglected, my fortune was gained by honest labor and careful economy; I had no time for study, but I resolved that my sons should have every advantage. Each had the opportunity of gaining a fine classical education, and then I gave them the choice of a profession.—The eldest would be a physician; the second chose the law; the third resolved to follow my footsteps as a merchant. This was very well—I was proud of my sons, and hoped that one day I might see them distinguished, or at least useful to their fellow men. I had spared no expense in their training; they had never wanted money, for I gave each of them a liberal allowance. Never had men fairer prospects of becoming honored and respected; but look at the result. The physician has no patients—the lawyer not a single client, and the merchant is above visiting his counting house. In vain I urge them to be more industrious. What is the reply? 'There's no use in it, father—we never shall want money, we know you have enough for all.' So look at my disappointment. Instead of being active, energetic members of society, my sons are but idlers, men of fashion and display. True they have but few vices—perhaps not so many as their associates; they have never done anything to bring disgrace upon my name—but I had expected them to add to the little reputation I may have gained. It is not the money that I care for; as my son says, I have enough for all. But let the physician attend the poor, and the lawyer see that justice is done to those who have not means of paying the enormous fees now required by the members of the bar. The merchant may not need the reward of his labors, but there are a thousand benevolent institutions to the support of which it would be a pleasure for me to see him contribute. They would at least be useful, each in his vocation, to those around them; now selfish amusement is their only aim. This is the burden upon my heart, and this is the reason of the remark you listened to. Had they been obliged to struggle against difficulties to gain their professions, and were they now dependent upon their own exertions for support, my sons would have gained honor to themselves and me."

This is the experience of many a wealthy parent, though all do not grieve at the result. It has almost passed into a proverb, that "nothing can be expected of rich men's sons;" and in looking about us at the distinguished men of our own day, how few do we find who have been nursed into greatness. The farmer's son studies in intervals snatched from active labor, he gains the rudiments of a thorough education from well-thumbed books which he consvers by the floating flame of the winter's fire or the misty light of the gray dawn. His task is rendered doubly hard, inasmuch as he is without an instructor, and must solve the most difficult problems, and unravel the most intricate truths, simply by his own persevering efforts. At length his task is in a measure accomplished, the first step is gained; but a new difficulty arises. He is without means, and must serve a long and tiresome apprenticeship as a teacher, a clerk or often the two combined, ere he can save enough to enable him to enter college.

Three or four years of close study, with the most rigid economy, brings him to the threshold of active life, and should he choose a profession, the same scenes must be in part enacted ere his object is accomplished. Mark well the contrast. Which man, think you, is best fitted to succeed? Surely, not he who has been cradled in luxury, and bribed along the path of knowledge? No, rather would we trust the self-made man who has already overmastered difficulty under which one less resolved would have fallen; and though the one may be favored by position, connections and ample means, it is more than probable that the other will look back upon him whom he has far outstripped in the race of life.—*Neal's Gazette.*

Gold is the best metal—and for purity not subject to rust as all others; and yet the best gold bath some dross. I esteem not that man that hath no faults. I like him well that hath but a few, and those not great.—*Bishop Hall.*

Crisis of the Immortal Soul.

Let every man consider that he is dependent upon the spirit of God which may at any time leave him to himself.

In this respect, he may be compared to a ship upon Niagara river between Lake Erie and the falls. The calm, still waters of the lake are above it, the thundering precipice below, and all the way between, a constantly increasing current, bearing it downward; while a propitious breeze is blowing towards the lake, sufficient to overcome the power of the current and waft it upward to the lake. But the sails are all furled; the captain and all on board wish to enjoy the pleasant scenery around them.—Some doubt whether there is any cataract; others think there is, but that is so far off that it need not be feared yet; they can turn at any time. Thus they float merrily along, amid wine, and song, and dance, and revelry, so intent upon their pleasure that for hours they do not notice a fearful fact, that the wind has ceased to blow. At length they are roused from their dream of security, and look out upon the calm, blue heavens; not a leaf moves. They are filled with dismay. The captain cries out, "about ship—put on all her canvass."—"Ay, ay, sir," replies the helmsman, and the helm is "hard up." The sails are spread, but they flap against the masts.—There is no power to the helm. She turns her prow to the lake of safety; but it is only to float backwards down the stream. The current increases; they shriek aloud for help, but help cannot come. They ply their oars, but there is no perceptible check to the descent. Islands and green banks seem to be gliding past them like magic; the thundering roar of the cataract is heard; now they enter the curling and eddy whirling rapids; a few moments of agonizing cries of despair, and a few of breathless, silent, shivering expectation, and the noble ship plunges into the abyss, and is dashed to atoms. But when was that ship lost? Not merely when it struck the foaming flood, but when the wind ceased to blow upon it, as it floated quietly on that smooth stream; when the only agency that could possibly arrest its downward course, ceased to act; then destruction was as sure as at the last moment.

In like manner, the soul that God has left may float down the stream of time, and dream of safety and future repentance, while it is lost. Its day of merciful visitation is passed. "The door is shut."

The Hebrew Government.

The Rev. Mr. Phelps of the First Baptist Church, delivered a sermon on the death of the patriarch John Quincy Adams, on Sunday evening last, to a full house, from the following text:—"He removeth away the speech of the trusty, and taketh away the understanding of the aged. He poureth contempt upon princes, and weakeneth the strength of the mighty."—Job. XII, 20, 21.

The discourse was listened to with great interest, and was one of marked ability.—The following hymn was sung on the occasion, and it is a singular fact that it was written by Mr. Adams, and formed a part of the Baptist Collection, called "The Psalms." It is as follows:

"THE SWIFTESS OF TIME."
BY J. Q. ADAMS.

1. How swift, alas! the moments fly!
How rush the years along!
Scarcely here, yet gone already by—
The burden of a song.

2. See childhood, youth, and manhood, pass,
And age with furrowed brow;
Time was—time shall be—but, alas,
Where, where in time is now?

3. Time is the measure but of change;
No present (hour) is found;
The past, the future, fill the range
Of time's unceasing round.

4. Where, then, is now? In realms above,
With God's atoning Lamb,
In regions of eternal love
Where sits enthroned I AM.

5. Then, pilgrim, let thy joys and fears
On time no longer lean;
But henceforth all thy hopes and fears
From earth's affections wean.

6. To God let grateful accents rise;
With truth, with virtue, live;
So all the bliss that time denies,
Eternally shall give.

New Haven Palladium.

Pius IX. in New York.—A converted Roman Catholic priest of this city, who has in years past been quite intimate with the present occupant of the Papal chair, and who is perfectly familiar with his personal history, states that his first position, of any prominence, was that of a membership in the *Gaude Nobis*. While thus engaged, he was induced to take a vow, threw up his office, and became priest. Not long after, he went as a missionary to Chili, and while on his way, visited the city of New York. His stay in Chili not being very protracted, he returned to Italy, where he was appointed Papal Nuncio to Naples, and by a train of peculiar circumstances was made cardinal, and finally was elevated to the pontificate. It is difficult to say how far the impressions he received in America may have influenced his subsequent actions.—*Four of Com.*

It is better to give than to receive.

"Pray that Sermon."

A young licentiate, after throwing off a highly wrought, and, as he thought, eloquent gospel sermon in the pulpit, and in presence of a venerable pastor, solicited of his experienced friend the benefit of his criticisms upon the performance.

"I have but just one remark to make," was his reply, "and that is, to request you to pray that sermon."

"What do you mean, sir?"

"I mean literally just what I say; pray it, if you can, and you will find the attempt a better criticism than any I can make upon it."

The request still puzzled the young man beyond measure; the idea of praying a sermon was a thing he never heard or conceived of; and the singularity of the suggestion wrought powerfully on his imagination and feelings. He resolved to attempt the task. He laid his manuscript before him, and on his knees before God undertook to make it a prayer. But it wouldn't pray; the spirit of prayer was not in it, and that, for the very good reason—as he then clearly saw for the first time—that the spirit of prayer and piety did not compose it. For the first time he saw that his heart was not right with God; and this conviction left him no peace until he had "Christ formed in him the hope of glory." With a renewed heart, he applied himself anew to the work of composing sermons for the pulpit; preached again in the presence of the pious pastor who had given such timely advice; and again solicited the benefit of his criticisms.

"I have no remarks to make," was his complacent reply, "you can pray that sermon."

The singular advice of this shrewd pastor would not be inappropriate to correspondents of a religious newspaper, especially when they write on controversial topics. If they would always pray their articles from beginning to end, before they forward them, their discussions would doubtless elicit a great deal more truth, and a great deal less ill feeling.

By observing this rule, they would give editors also the delightful satisfaction of believing that they are doing more good than harm by the publication of their articles.—We suggest this as an important practical hint to our correspondents, hoping that their piety and good sense will not overlook or neglect it.—*Watch Valley.*

John Q. Adams.

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Responsibilities.

The eyes of the world are upon us.—We are as a city set upon a hill. Other nations behold and wonder and imitate.—The influence of our great example of popular institutions and free government, is felt to the ends of the earth; and if successful in time to come, as it has been in time past, it will rapidly wake up a spirit of reform among all nations, and hasten on the reign of universal freedom and justice and right. Never did the desire for the growing prosperity of my country beat so strong in my bosom as when I was traveling in foreign lands. There I saw and felt by contrast the value of free institutions, and the blessing of a pure, unfettered Christianity. I saw, too, how our movements were all watched and scanned, our virtues commended, and our faults blazoned abroad. It is true, my friends, the eyes of the world are upon us. Our school system, in Connecticut, is referred to, and commented upon, with applause, in the British Parliament. Our prison discipline is discussed and held up for imitation in the French Chamber of Deputies. Our free form of government and our popular institutions are known and talked of in Greece, in Constantinople, and still further East. And our faults, our mobs, our bad faith, our repudiation and slavery, are marked and published at Naples, in a little miserable government paper that sheds only darkness upon the people. Let us see to it then, that our great example fail not, and that all the influence emanating from it be good, serving to cheer and to guide the nations to a freer and happy state.—*Dr. Haes.*

"The Calls are So Many."

How often do we hear this complaining language, from those who profess to be the followers of Him whose meat and drink it was to do the will of his Father.

Reader, are you one of these everlasting fault-finders? If the calls you receive are so many, suppose, in order to avoid them, that you make some. Turn agent for some society, and you shall see how much pleasant it is to make calls than to receive them. We will excuse you from contributing, if you will solicit. "You cannot bear begging. It is the most unpleasant thing in the world to apply to people for money." Very well, if you decline this branch of alternative, then do not complain of the other. If you will not turn out and make the calls, you must sit still and receive them. It is the easiest part—and you ought to be good-natured when you receive one of these calls—aye, and even grateful to the man who comes to you, that he affords you another opportunity of offering one of the sacrifices with which God is well pleased. O, I am weary of those calls, is your complaint. I am tired in giving. It is well that God is not weary of your calls upon him. How constantly you are calling upon God, saying, give—give—give! O, your ingratitude! May God forgive you.

How humiliating the thought, that, instead of the mass of Christians contributing of their substance promptly, cheerfully, and liberally, for the promotion of the cause of God, agents must go forth and beg, like a wretched dependant on the world's cold charity, till some few dollars are, with reluctant hand, cast into the treasury of the Lord!—*Crocker's Memoirs.*

Danger Attending Precocious Development.

There can be no doubt that many a child has been sacrificed in early youth to the pride of parents, who, delighted with the intellectual activity of their children, have striven to make them prodigies of learning. But in these cases of early and undue employment of the brain, inflammation of the hemispherical ganglion, or of the lining membrane of the ventricles, with serious effusion, has usually been the cause of either a fatal issue or of subsequent mental imbecility. The late Mr. Deville related to me an interesting case of this kind. An extremely intelligent boy, of about twelve years of age, was brought to him for phrenological examination, by a parent who was very proud of the intellectual endowments of his child. Mr. Deville gave his opinion of the boy's character, at the same time cautioning the father of the dangerous course he was pursuing. But the father's reply was, "All that other boys considered labor and hard study are mere child's play to him; that his studies could not be hurting him, he enjoyed them so much." Again Mr. Deville endeavored to save the child, but the father would not attend to the warning. Two years from that time the father again called on Mr. Deville, and in reply to his inquiry after his child, the father burst into tears; his child was an idiot.—*Sally on the Brain.*

As a flame touches a flame, and combines into splendor and to glory; so is the spirit of a man united unto Christ by the spirit of God.

A wise man endeavors to shine in himself—a fool to outshine others.

MASSACHUSETTS.—There is a... of those who sell spiritual... The bill provides that... to sell except for mechan... purposes, and that hotel... shall not be licensed even... for selling except for a li... selling habitually, \$100 for... and offence, imprisonment from 10... to 90 days, and... in the house... Prison, five years! This, if... law, will be making pretty... public sentiment will sustain it... ally break up the traffic in ar... chusetta.

Reflector says the Rev. Baron... a call from the Baptist church... he declined the invitation. The... Secretary that he had accepted... on the authority of a letter from... ston, whose word has never been... ource he must have been minis... to the matter.

adds: "His health we regret to... impaired to allow him to perform... to any church."

AMPLE—"Among the religious... around us," says the Christian... specially gratifying to chronicle... relative prayer-meeting has been... in this city, attended and sus... of that body now in session... followed by all the Legislative... try, we should feel that its des...

ings, of Massachusetts, has ap... the 6th day of April next, to be... of public humiliation, fasting... about that Commonwealth.

PROVIDENCE RAIL ROAD.—At... Directors of the Hartford and... Road Company, held in this city... the Hon. Joseph Trumbull was... Mr. Trumbull has been more... y other man in advancing the in... and by his correct business... apted to fill the office with credit... advantage to the corporation. His... believe, gives general satisfac...

of Rockville have subscribed \$600... on condition that it pass through... and New Haven Railroad Com... a dividend of four per cent... first day of April next.

op of Canterbury died at Lambeth... on the 10th of February last, of... advanced age of 84 years. The... al, Peter and their comrades did... they were too poor to live in such

ven Palladium says: "We learn... pal Society has been organized... name of St. Thomas Church—... its Wardens and Vestry... invitation to the Rev. Mr. Beards... to become their Rector."

has resigned the pastorate of the... church, Middletown, and removed... he contemplates engaging in a... with a view to the improvement... his physician, he informs us, rec... as the safest method of ac... object.

J. Scarratt, of Waterbury, will... the Secretary, to whom subscrip... and the same acknowledged by

Spencer died at Lyons, N. Y., on... 13th inst.

Publications.—It is precisely what... from such a man as D'Abigne... of travels or of pictures, though... very striking pictures, but it is a... of opinions and impressions re... England and Scotland. Hence... permanent value, which cannot a... or ordinary reminiscences—... contains some interesting and in... to the author's own experience... The following is a good specimen

to Germany was in 1817, immedi... on to the ministry of the... and with the design of studying... period before entering upon... I spent some time as a student... of Leipzig and Berlin... years in Hamburg, as pastor... church. My arrival in Germany... remarkable, by a circumstance... my inward life. It was stunned—... by the temper of nationalism... which was then raging. After hav... the cheerless principles of Unit... the conclusion of my studies... of Geneva, I had been seized by... I had believed in the divinity... original sin, the power of wh... in my own heart, and in justifi... I had experienced the joys of th... yet, however, weak; I was w... the Cross of Christ; but I prefer... wisdom rather than foolishness... that I arrived in Germany. Ex... I read, every book I looked... one, both ministers and laymen... affected with Rationalism, so... fidelity was presented to me on

upon a fearful spiritual struggle... whole strength my still feeble... less falling under the blows of th... wardly consumed. There was... which I was not ready to lay down... I professed; and never did I... without being able to proclaim... faith, salvation by Jesus. But... H, when the enemy assailed me

new, and inspired my mind with agonizing doubts. I passed whole nights without sleep, crying to God from the bottom of my heart, or endeavoring, by arguments and syllogisms without end, to repel the attacks of the adversary. Such were my combats during those weary watchings, that I almost wonder how I did not sink under them.

It happened at this time, (1819) that a friend of mine, settled in Paris, was on the point of visiting Copenhagen, where his mother's family resided—Another friend of ours, Charles Rieu, was the pastor of Frederica in Jutland. We were all three Genevese; we had studied together at Geneva, and had come at the same time to the knowledge of the truth, although Rieu had outstripped us in all respects, especially in the simplicity of his faith and devotedness to the Lord. We agreed to travel together to Copenhagen, and to meet at Kiel, the capital of Holstein.

"Kiel is a German university, and at that time was the residence of Kleuker, one of the oldest champions of German divinity, who had been for forty years defending Christian revelation against the attacks of infidel theologians, in apologetic works of some celebrity. There were many passages of Scripture which stopped me, and I proposed visiting Kleuker, and asking him to explain them, hoping by this visit to be delivered from my agonizing doubts.

"Accordingly I waited on Kleuker, and requested that learned and experienced Christian to elucidate for my satisfaction many passages whence some of his countrymen in their writings had drawn proofs against the inspiration of Scripture and the divine origin of Christianity. The old doctor would not enter into any detailed solution of these difficulties. "Were I to succeed in ridding you of them," he said to me, "others would soon arise."

There is a shorter, deeper, more complete way of annihilating them. Let Christ be really to you the Son of God, the Saviour, the Author of Eternal Life. Only be firmly settled in his grace, and these difficulties of detail will never stop you;—the light which proceeds from Christ will dispense all your darkness."

The old divine had shown me the way; I saw it was the right one, but to follow it was a hard task. God, who had already revealed to me the glory of his well-beloved Son, did not forsake me; but he used another agency to bring me to the mark which had been pointed out.

"As steamboats were not at that time very regular, we had to wait some days for the one in which my friends and I intended proceeding to Copenhagen. We were staying at an hotel, and used to spend part of our time in reading the word of God. Mr. Monod and I chose Rieu for our chaplain. He was an ear of corn which the Lord had early brought to full maturity, and which was soon after carried to the everlasting garner. Two years after, I went over his grave, amidst his desolate flock, with whom I celebrated the death of the Lord. I was at this time at Kiel, enjoying my last converse with this much esteemed friend. We all three communicated to each other our thoughts on reading the Word, but it was Rieu who most abundantly brought out the hidden riches of the Book of God.

"We were studying the Epistle to the Ephesians, and had got to the end of the third chapter, when we read the two last verses: "Now unto him who is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto him be glory," &c. This expression fell upon my soul as a mighty revelation from God. "He can do by His power," I said to myself, "above all that we ask, above all that we think, far, EXCEEDING ABUNDANTLY above all!" A full trust in Christ for the work to be done within my poor heart now filled my soul. We all three knelt down, and although I had never fully confided in my friends my inward struggle, (for I dared not make them known to any but to God alone), the prayer of Rieu was filled with such admirable faith, as he would have uttered had he known all my wants. When I arose, in that inn room at Kiel, I felt as if my "wings were renewed as the wings of eagles." From that time forward I comprehended that my own syllogisms and efforts were of no avail; that Christ was able to do all by his "power that worketh in us," and the habitual attitude of my soul was to lie at the foot of the Cross, crying to Him, "Here am I, bound hand and foot, unable to move, unable to do the least thing to get away from the enemy who oppresses me. Do all thyself. I know that thou wilt do it, thou wilt even do exceeding abundantly above all that I ask."

I was not disappointed. All my doubts were soon dispelled, and not only was I delivered from that inward anguish which in the end would have destroyed me, had not God been faithful; but the Lord "extended unto me peace like a river." Then I could "comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge." Then was I able to say, "Returns unto thy rest, O my soul; for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee."

The Christian Review.—The March number is received and presents a good table of contents, beyond which we have not had time to examine.

I. Eminent Personal Religion essential to Success in the Ministry. II. Thoughts connected with Rural Communities. III. Genealogies of I John v. 7, &c. IV. Gibbon. V. Payson's Works. VI. English History. VII. Sibylline Oracles. VIII. Remarks on Colleges. IX. Xenophon's Memorabilia of Socrates, with Notes by R. D. C. Robbins. X. Webster's Dictionary. XI. Literary Notices. XII. Literary Intelligence.

LIVING AGE, No. 200.

"The Friends of the African." "Memoir of Elizabeth Fry: 'Slave Trade in the West Indies,' and 'Life and Writings of John Sterling,' are among the most interesting papers of this interesting periodical.

Peace and Bowers, Agents.

The Ecclesiastical Magazine of Foreign Literature for March has been received. It has a fine, striking portrait of the poet Tennyson, and a sketch of his character and writings. It also contains interesting and instructive articles on Humboldt's Cosmos, the Last Years of Frederick the Second, Old Songs, Mrs. Fry, Newspaper Press and Political Reform of Spain, and other articles. Woodford & Co. agents for the work.

REMARKS OF FOUR MORE STEAMBOATS.—Intelligence by telegraph from St. Louis mentions the loss by fire, at the wharf in that city, of the steamers Avalanche, Hibernia, John C. Hardy, and Lacade, worth \$50,000. Insured for only \$6,000. Some of the most valuable cargoes, on which \$30,000 was insured.

A FIRE IN CONCORD, N. H.—On Thursday, last week, at noon while the workmen, with one exception, had gone to dinner, the Machine Shop of Henry Rolfe, Esq., Fisherville, took fire, and was very soon consumed. Loss about \$200, of which about \$500 will fall upon workmen in the establishment, owning several pieces of tools, which were destroyed. About \$500 insured on the establishment.—Concord Statesman.

FIRE.—The planing works on India street, belonging to E. G. Allen, were destroyed by fire last evening, about 5 o'clock. The establishment consisted of a large wooden building, containing a steam engine, several planing machines, boilers, &c., together with a lot of lumber. The value of the whole property is estimated at \$12,000. It was insured in this city, at the American Office for \$10,000; at the New England Office, \$1,000; and at the Concord and New England Office, \$1,000 each. It is supposed that fire was set in the boiler house, while the watchman was absent, as the work had not been in operation during the day.—Proctor.

CONC. RIVER RAILROAD.—The income of the Connecticut River Railroad, for this year, presents a very great and gratifying increase over that of last year. The receipts of the month of January were 37 per cent. greater than those of the same month last year. For February, the receipts amounted to \$10,000, or 68 per cent. more than those of the corresponding time, last year, which amounted to only about \$5,900.—Springfield Repub.

FLOOD AT WHITENVILLE.—Mr. Walker of Ross's Express informs us that the upper dam at Whitenville gave way about 8 o'clock yesterday morning, at which time the train came past, there was from three to six feet of water in the post office, above and below the lower privilege. When the canal, the water was still rising, and it was feared that considerable damage would be done to the property in the village.—Worcester Trans.

HOMICIDE.—We learn that an altercation having taken place on Wednesday evening, between F. H. Stump and James Martin, the latter, a colored man, in relation to a levy on some property belonging to the former, a fight was the result, which terminated in the death of Mr. Stump from a pistol in the hands of Martin.

The deceased lived about half an hour after the occurrence. We forbear any comment on the transaction, as Martin is in custody. The fight occurred on the Gallatin road just beyond the bridge.—Nashville Banner.

METRO.—At Nantucket on the morning of the 6th, at half past three o'clock, a brilliant meteor was seen by several individuals, and it was accompanied with much noise that many persons in the vicinity were awakened by it.

DEATH FROM CHOLERA.—We learn from the Charleston (Mass.) Aurora, that Andrew W. Oliver, who had his thigh crushed at a stone quarry in Bedford, took Cholera, for the purpose of "having it attended," and died on Monday morning, without recovering his senses after inhaling it.

NEW ORLEANS AND OHIO TELEGRAPH LINE.—The Vicksburg Whig says: "This line is already completed and in operation to Nashville; it is under contract to Columbus, Mississippi, and arrangements are making to extend it to New Orleans as soon as the season of the year will permit. The line passed through our city of Jackson, on yesterday for the purpose of ascertaining positively what had been done in that city, and with the view of placing the line under contract to Natchez."

The smoke house of Messrs. Corey & Co., at Alton, Ill., was destroyed by fire last week, with 110,000 pounds of meat. Loss \$5,000.—Louisville Journal.

HORRIBLE OCCURRENCE.—Two CHILDREN BURNED TO DEATH.—Two little children of a man named Hummer, one aged two and the other four years, were burned to death near the Bethlehem Baptist church on Friday last week, under circumstances almost revolting to belief. The parents were breaking fire in a barn or hovel, and were using the stove at the house, some 50 or 100 yards distant, for the purpose of drying the flax, previous to breaking it. They had a jug of liquor, where they were at work, which, it would seem, was far more of their attention than their little children, who were left alone in the house. While they were worshipping Bacchus, the flax they had left on the floor took fire, and rapidly communicating to the floor above, soon wrapped the building in flames, notwithstanding the parents were but a few yards distant, they knew nothing of it until after some of the neighbors had arrived. 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Poetry.

From the Northern Literary Messenger.
The Christian Gladiator.
BY REV. A. D. PHILIPS.

Morn smiled on Rome. Bright from the orient sky,
Serenely fair, the golden sun-light fell
In floods of glory on the Eternal City.
All beautiful, the world's metropolis,
Peerless she sat upon her seven glad hills,
Her gold-embroidered robes and glittering domes
Threw back the splendor of the glorious sun,
And rivaled him in beauty. Monuments
And Pyramids, the spoils of Egypt's art,
Whose sun-dit sumptuous kissed the bending sky,
Stood in imposing grandeur. Crystal fountains
Leapt from their hidden channels and diffused
Upon the ambient air their silvery spray.
Tall, dark and beautiful, the spreading elms
Waved their dense foliage o'er the public walks,
And threw their shadows on the Capitol.
The Forum, stretching toward the Palatine,
The thunder-tones of Roman eloquence,
Was there—Nero's residence of gold,
A thousand palaces within its walls,
Decked by the countless wealth of realms subdued.
The Coliseum, seat of Roman sports,
Upreared its front sublime in new and broad
Magnificence; and temples garlanded o'er
With living canvas and the breathing marble—
Fit dwelling-places of immortal gods!

It was a festival day in Rome. The dense,
Unnumbered multitudes, like clustering clouds
That track the sky, had hastened to the scene
Of sport, and in the Coliseum gathered—
That wondrous relic of Vespasian's power,
Whose heaven-aspiring walls of adamant,
Adorned with columns, arches and arcades,
Still strike the gazer with resistless awe.
And there they sat, in radiant robes attired,
The Emperor and his court, the thoughtful sage,
And the stern warrior; tradesmen, architects,
Maidens and maidens, and Rome's youthful sons,
Crowding the thousand gleaming galleries,
That stretched away, far as the eye could reach,
Around the Amphitheater. They came
The fight of men with beasts untamed to view,
And see the Christian Gladiator die,
Unpitied, on the broad arena.

Long

Had the impetuous combats of the wild,
Infuriated monsters of the forest-deeps,
And deadlier strife of reckless criminals,
Been witnessed by that delighted throng,
Who, gazing from their lofty seats, insured
To scenes of conflict and of carnage, saw
The scattered fragments of dismembered forms,
The dying struggles of the vanquished foe,
With hearts to pity closed; and gladly hailed
The conqueror's triumph with successive shouts,
Sweeping the vast enclosure round and round,
And rolling upward to the arching skies,
Like pealing thunders of Olympian Jove!

They paused; and every eye was fixed intent
Upon the Christian Gladiator, brought
To the arena by a Roman Lictor,
To expiate the crime of teaching men
A new religion. Gladly had he heard
The touching story of the Crucifixion,
As from the great Apostle's lips it fell,
In strains of soul-subduing eloquence.
He felt—believed it—and celestial joy
Filled all the channels of his soul. As forth
He went among the people, he rebuked
Their idol-worship, and proclaimed abroad
The wonders of the Cross. The faithless laid
Their impious hands upon the guileless one,
And basely dragged him to the judgment-hall.
False, false, they witnessed and secured his doom—
To meet in deadly strife the mightiest beast,
Numidia's forest-king.

The Lictor led

The Christian Gladiator forth. His sword
Hung careless at his side. As if alone,
Holding communion with himself, he stood
Unmoved, and mindless of his imposing scene.
Before him crouched his savage combatant.
Silence had thrown upon the gazing throng
Her magic spell. Calm was the Christian's brow—
Erect his form—his heavenly visage won
The sympathy of all. He bent his knee
Upon the sand, already damp with gore,
Clasped his pure hands together, and upraised
His beaming eye toward heaven, and silently
Implored Omnipotence to cast round him
The shield of His defense. His prayer was heard.
The radiant smile that played upon his lips
Told how he felt the presence of that Power
Divine, which kept the Jewish-captive safe
In the dark den of lions. Strange emotions
Thrilled through the multitude that almost made
Life's crimson streams congeal. An all-pervading
Stillness, intense, profound as that which reigns
Amid the charnel chambers of the tomb,
Brooded on all, like the unbroken spell
Of death! The lion's mane had fallen low,
His eye had lost its wildness, and he seemed
To shrink before the presence of his strange
Antagonist. Urged by the Lictor's goad,
He gathered in the majesty of might,
And furious on the Gladiator fell.
His sword the monster for a while repelled,
Till overpowered by far superior strength,
He dropped at last beneath the lion's feet!
Faint murmurs of mingled joy and grief
Rose on the waveless air. Triumphant notes
Began to swell—when suddenly up-sprung
The Christian, sternly grasped his sword afresh,
And nerved with more than earthly energy,
He grappled with the foe again, and bade
His weapon drink the life-blood of his heart!
"Twas done—the thunder-shout of victory,
Of life and freedom to the wondrous man,
Sped like a whirlwind through the mighty crowd,
And thence it swept the Coliseum round,
And up it rolled from tier to lofty tier,
And echoed back from wall to answering wall.

Forth from the throng, and grateful to his God,
The Christian Gladiator went, prepared
By trial and by conquest, to surmount
The ill of life, the woes of Godless men,
To publish tidings of celestial joy
To thousands wrapt in dark idolatry;
And bear the glorious standard of the Cross,
Like him who "fought with beasts at Ephesus"
He had a nobler victory still to win,
And laurels of a brighter hue to gain;
"Twas his to point the way to heaven—to save
The lost—to wean, at last, a Crown of Life!
Now Haver, Cr.

It is heaven upon earth, to have a man's
mind move in charity, rest in Providence,
and turn upon the poles of truth.

Fear, as a Motive to Repentance.

The alternative which the Gospel holds
out is endless happiness in heaven, or end-
less suffering in hell; and the view of this
alternative may well be supposed to operate
to a certain degree on base and sordid
minds—on those who, without any sense of
virtue, or any preference of its proper en-
joyments as naturally the greatest good,
make no other choice of heaven than as the
least of two great evils. To be deprived
of sensual gratification, they hold to be an
evil of no moderate size, to which they
must submit in heaven; but yet they con-
ceive of this absence of pleasure as more
tolerable than positive torment, which they
justly apprehend those who are excluded
from heaven must undergo in the place of
punishment. Of minds thus depraved, the
view of the alternative of endless misery
was intended to operate; and it is an argu-
ment of God's wonderful mercy that he has
been pleased to display such prospects of
futility as may affect the human mind in
its most corrupt and hardened state—that
men in this unworthy state, in this state
of enmity with God, are yet the objects of his
care and pity—that "he will not the death
of a sinner, but that the sinner should turn
from his way and live." But to imagine
that any one whom the warnings of the
Gospel may not otherwise affect, than with
the dread of the punishment of sin—that
any one in whom they may work only a
reluctant choice of heaven, as eligible only
in comparison with a state of torment—
does merely in those feelings, or by a pusil-
lanimity in vice, which is the most those
feelings can effect, satisfy the duties of the
Christian calling—to imagine this, is a
strange misconception of the whole scheme
of Christianity. The utmost good to be
expected from the principle of fear is, that
it may induce a state of mind in which bet-
ter principles may take effect. It may
bring the sinner to hesitate between self-
denial here with heaven in reversion, and
gratification here with future sufferings—
In this state of ambiguity, the mind deliber-
ates, appetite and passion intermit; con-
science and reason energize. Conscience
conceives the idea of the moral good; rea-
son contemplates the new and lovely im-
age with delight; she becomes the willing
pupil of religion; she learns to discern in
each created thing the print of sovereign
goodness, and in the attributes of God, de-
scribes its first and perfect form. New views
and new desires occupy the soul; virtue is
understood to be resemblance of God; his
resemblance is coveted as the highest at-
tainment; heaven is desired as the condition
of those who resemble him; and the
intoxicating cup of pleasure is refused—
not that the mortal palate might not find it
sweet, but because vice presents it.

The Quaker and the Emperor.

Under the title of "Choice Biography,"
the Episcopal Recorder gives an account of
interviews between William Allen, a Quaker,
who made a journey of philanthropy
over the continent of Europe, and the late
Emperor Alexander, of Russia, an extract
from which will be gratifying to our read-
ers. The interview here mentioned occurred
at Vienna. "Grellett," spoken of in the
concluding remark, was an American
Quaker, who had accompanied Allen on a
previous mission.

"He received me very kindly, and made
me sit down with him at table. I was
sensible, during the whole of the interview,
of a precious covering of the Lord's Spirit,
and it seemed so to increase, that I gave
up speaking of outward matters, and the
conversation turned entirely upon what re-
lated to a better country. The emperor
asked me if I would not take some tea
with him, to which I readily assented; he
rang his little hand-bell, and the servant
came in and received his orders; two cups
were brought in, but mine had sugar in it.
The emperor immediately ordered it to be
changed, and this led me to speak further
of the poor Africans; but we soon came
again upon religious subjects, and these
were topics on which he delighted to dwell.
He said he had suffered from being edu-
cated by those who had no sense of vital
religion, but that since the year 1812, when
his mind was first reached by the power of
truth, he had endeavored to live conformably
to what he believed to be the divine will;
and he felt that he was a poor weak
creature, but he constantly prayed for
assistance. He said, finding so little com-
pany that suited him, he spent much of his
time alone in his room, for he felt that he
suffered loss, when he was much with those
who were in the spirit of the world; "but,"
said he, "when I am with you, and such as
you, who love the Savior, I can breathe."
He said he found it necessary to keep up
the warfare continually; he then opened
his whole heart to me, told me of his trials
and his temptations, comparing them to the
thorn in the flesh, which the apostle de-
scribes. "And if," said he, "the holy
apostle was thus tried, need we wonder if
it is the experience of such poor weak
creatures as we are? but let us remember
what the answer was to him, when he prayed
to be delivered, 'My grace is sufficient for
thee.' Here it does not appear that he was
exempted from the trial, but was shown
where he was to find his support under it."
We now sat some time in silence, when I
kneeled down and supplicated for the bless-
ing of preservation. The emperor knelt
on the floor by me. On rising, we were
again silent for a few minutes, and then,
under a sense of a renewed visitation of
our Heavenly Father's love, took leave of
each other, not knowing but that we might
possibly meet again at Verona. He grasped
my hand, and it came into my mind to
tell him, that though I was conscious of
being a very weak and feeble instrument,
I believed that our Divine Master had sent
me to comfort and encourage him. He
replied, "I believe so." He then embraced

and kissed me. One of the last things he
said, was, "When you write to Grellett, tell
him all about me."

Interior of the Earth.

A fact of great interest has been proved
by the boring for Artesian wells in the sub-
urbs of Paris, namely, that as we go toward
the centre of the earth the temperature
increases at the rate of about one degree
for every fifty feet. That the whole inter-
ior portion of the earth, or at least a great
portion of it, is an igneous scene of melted
rock, agitated by violent winds, though I
dare not affirm it, is still rendered highly
probable by the phenomena of volcanoes.
The facts concerned with their eruptions
have been ascertained and placed beyond a
doubt. How then are they to be account-
ed for? The theory prevalent a few years
since, that they are caused by the combus-
tion of immense coal beds, is perfectly pu-
erile and is entirely abandoned. All the
coal in the world would never afford fuel
enough for a single capital exhibition of
Vesuvius. We must look higher than this;
and I have little doubt that the whole rests
on the action of electric and galvanic prin-
ciples which are constantly in operation in
the earth. We know that when certain
metals are brought together, powerful elec-
tric action is evolved, and a light is pro-
duced, superior even in effulgence to the splen-
dor of the sun. Now, if a small arrange-
ment produces such results, what may we
not expect from the combination of these
immense beds of metal to be found in the
earth? Here we have the key to all the
grand phenomena of volcanic action. An
illustration on a small scale may be seen in
an instrument called the thermoelectric battery,
made of zinc, bismuth, and antimony, pack-
ed in a box, and varnished. In this, heat is
evolved below, while the top is cold; and
here we have the very cause of the volca-
no, when in the interior a fiery ocean is
heaving its surges, while its peak is capped
with everlasting snows.—Prof. Silliman.

Wellington after the Battle of Waterloo.

It was late, it was midnight, when the
Duke of Wellington lay down. He had
not found time so much as to wash his face
or his hands; but, overcome with fatigue,
threw himself, after finishing his despatches,
on his bed. He had seen Dr. Hume,
and desired him to come punctually at seven
in the morning with his report; and the
latter, who took no rest, but spent the night
beside the wounded, came at the hour ap-
pointed. He knocked at the Duke's door,
but received no answer; he lifted the latch
and looked in, and seeing him in a sound
sleep, could not find it in his heart to awa-
ken him; by and by, however, reflecting
on the importance of time to a man in the
Duke's high situation, he being well aware
that it formed no article in His Grace's code
to prefer personal indulgence of any sort to
public duty, he proceeded to the bedside
and roused the sleeper. The Duke sat up
in bed; his face was unshaven, and, covered
with the dust and smoke of yesterday's bat-
tle, presented a rather strange appearance;
yet his senses were collected, and in a mo-
ment he desired Hume to make his state-
ment. The latter produced his list, and
began to read; but when he proceeded, name
after name—this as of one dead, the other
as of one dying—his voice failed him; and,
looking up, he saw that the Duke was in
an agony of grief; the tears chased one
another from His Grace's eyes, making deep
furrows in the soldier's blackened cheeks,
and at last he threw himself back upon his
pillow, and groaned aloud. "It has been
my good fortune never to lose a battle; yet
all this glory can by no means compensate
for so great a loss of friends," he cried.—
"What victory is not too dearly purchased
at such a cost?"

Life's Difficulties.

The first thing, depend upon it, is to look
upon a new life with a different eye; to
resolve firmly and strongly to grapple with
the change which fortune has forced upon
you, and to wring from it all the benefits
which it is capable of yielding; to cast
away vain regrets, and make ready for the
future as a new being. As you cannot fit
your fate to yourself, fit yourself to your
fate; and it is wonderful how soon you
will find difficulties vanish, disgusts disap-
pear, and new sources of pleasure spring-
ing up where you least expected them. If
there be anything in the past which goes
beyond regret—anything, I mean, that you
condemn, repair it as far as you have means,
so that the shadow of things that you have
left behind you may not cloud the sunshine
of those before you.—Russell, by G. P. R.
James.

Language.

The long period of human life in early
time would secure the stability of the first
language so that we are not to wonder at
their being still but one language at the
end of two thousand years. Etymologists
have tried to discredit the confusion
which took place at Babel, by pointing out
common words in the various languages of
the world. But it needed but that there
should be a total diversity in order to stop
the channels of a mutual understanding
among men. A change in a small propor-
tion of the principal words that were most
necessary for the purposes of society, and
therefore the most frequently used, would
suffice for putting an end to all useful com-
munication, by the constant blunders and cross
purposes that would ensue. That was cer-
tainly a most stupendous miracle which led
to the dispersion of mankind over all the
countries of the world; and whereby, as
they receded from the family which God
signaled by his revelations, they were all
the more apt to fall away from the true re-
ligion.

But there was another miracle equally
stupendous, and a miracle of tongues too,
by which the people of all various lan-
guages were recalled to the faith from which
they had departed. By the one miracle
each tribe, understanding only their own
speech, were secluded from the rest of man-
kind, because, saving the words used by
themselves, they understood no languages.
By the other miracle, the apostles and the
first teachers of Christianity were made to
understand all languages. By the first,
God raised up barriers for the segregation
of the species into distinct communities.
By the second he threw down these barriers
that the bearers of the heavenly mes-
sage might range freely over the world, and
gather out of all nations the family of the
faithful.—Dr. Chalmers' Daily Scripture
Reading.

The Wonders of Prayer.

Abraham's servant prays—Rebekah ap-
pears. Jacob wrestles and prays—the an-
gel is conquered, and Esau's mind is won-
derfully turned from the revengeful pur-
pose he has harbored for twenty years—
Moses prays—Amalek is discomfited. Josh-
ua prays—Achan is discovered. Hannah
prays—Samuel is born. David prays—
Ahiathiel hangs himself. Asa prays—
A victory is gained. Jehoshaphat prays—
God turns away his face. Isaiah and Hezekiah
pray—one hundred and eighty-five
thousand Assyrians are dead in twelve hours.
Daniel prays—the lions are muzzled. Mor-
decai and Esther fast—Haman is hanged
on his own gallows in three days. Ezra
prays at Ahava—God answers. Nehemiah
darts a prayer—the king's heart is softened
in a minute. Elijah prays—a drought of
three years succeeds. Elijah prays—rain
descends apace. Elijah prays—Jordan is
divided. Elisha prays—a child's soul
comes back. The church prays—Peter is
delivered by an angel. Paul and Silas
prayed and sang praises—the doors of the
prison were opened, and every man's hands
were loosed. Prayer has divided seas,
rolled up flowing rivers, made flinty rocks
gush into fountains, quenched flames of fire,
muzzled lions, disarmed vipers and poisons,
marshalled the stars against the wicked,
stopped the course of the moon, arrested
the rapid sun in his great race, burst open
iron gates, recalled souls from eternity,
conquered the strongest devils, commanded
legions of angels down from heaven. Prayer
has bridled and chained the raging pas-
sions of men, and routed and destroyed vast
armies of proud, daring, blustering athe-
ists. Prayer has brought one man from
the bottom of the sea, and carried another
in a chariot of fire to heaven. What has
not prayer done!—Ryland.

From the Baltimore Am. Farmer.

The Homestead and the Garden.

It is not sufficient that a farmer or plant-
er should be attentive to the cultivation of
his fields—that he should provide for them
ample supplies of manure, see that his
ploughing, his harrowing, and his rolling is
well done, and his crops well tended. He
may have done all these things, and success
may have crowned his efforts to fertilize
his arable lands, increase the quantity and
quality of his crops, and add to his pecuni-
ary wealth—still, if he shall have omitted
to adorn his dwelling with shade trees and
shrubbery, and provide a good garden for
his household comfort and convenience, he
will have failed in the full discharge of his
duty. A house in the country without
trees and shrubbery, to relieve the eye and
ensure protection, is among the most cheer-
less sights which can be presented to hu-
man vision, and never fails to impress the
stranger with an unfavorable opinion of its
owner, with regard to those enjoyments of
sense which so essentially enter into, and
are commingled with, the outward sources
of the happiness of one's family. Well
convinced are we, that appointments of the
kind around one's home, besides endearing
that home to its possessor, by all the ties
of esteem, give him additional claims to the
love of his family, and ensures the respect
of all; as while it proves that his heart has
not been indifferent to domestic sympathies,
nor turned a deaf ear to the obligations of
duty at home, it is also evincive of that re-
spect for public opinion, which the virtuous
and good ever cherish, and whose posses-
sion and display, so commend one to the
kindly regards of his fellow-men.

Independently, however, of these consid-
erations, which, of themselves, should exert
potential influence upon all well-regulated
minds, and find a response in every gener-
ous heart—as a mere matter of profit, the
garden, when judiciously managed, may
be made the most profitable part of a farm-
er's estate; for besides furnishing daily
supplies of vegetables for his table, it may
be a source of no inconsiderable emolument
through its surplus products disposed of at
market,—or if, perchance, he is too remote-
ly situated to avail himself of that advan-
tage, its offal and surplus produce will en-
able him the better to feed his stock, and
thus find his remuneration for the labor be-
stowed in its culture.

When we speak of the garden, we would
not be considered as looking to it solely for
its edibles, for its main comforts—for al-
though we would have its appointments, in
that respect, to embrace all the vegetable
tribes that have been converted to culinary
uses, yet our views go farther and embrace
a wider field than these. We would have
its borders adorned with shrubbery and
flowers of every tint and hue, from the Rose,
the queen of all, the Dahlia, the gorgeous
favorite, the Lily of the Valley, immortal-
ized in holy song, to the tiniest blossom that
challenges admiration or warms into being
gratitude for the mighty works of the Creator.
A garden, with such adornments, is
grateful to the manly pride of our wives,
and awakens kindred emotions in the minds

of our daughters; and unless he be insens-
ible to those beauties which Providence has
so munificently bestowed, to sweeten the
thorny paths of life, it must make the hus-
band and the father, not only better con-
tented with his home, but fill him with love
for all around him, as the gratification of
the rational appetites of those whom we
cherish in the warmth of our affection,
should ever, and must be, foremost in our
thoughts. Everything connected with ru-
ral life—all its associations—all its duties
—would imply, that besides rendering such
a home tributary to our wants, it should be
so improved, that its embellishments should
tell that it was the abode of refinement—
and that its dwellers were equally alive
to the elegancies, as to the necessities of
life. Never in our travels through the
country, have we seen the woodbine or the
honeysuckle, twining around the porch of
the farmhouse—and its small court filled
with shrubbery—without indulging, with-
out knowing them, profound respect for its
inmates and sometimes, when such atten-
tion to the external appearances have been
isolated as almost to partake of the charac-
ter of Oases in the desert, we have felt
our heart yearning to become the familiar
of the occupants, that we might offer up
our poor thanks to them, and thus bear a
pleasing, though humble testimony of the
acceptable service they had performed, in
relieving the eye of the traveller from the
dull monotony of cheerless homes, of quick-
ening into freshness those feelings, which
spring from a high appreciation of the mer-
its of those who may be the subjects of our
thoughts, whose taste had challenged our
admiration and won our esteem.

An Indian's Theology.

A white man and an Indian were both
brought under conviction for sin about the
same time. The Indian, whose conviction
was pungent, soon found joy and peace in
believing, while the white man continued in
darkness and distress for a long time. See-
ing the Indian one day, who enjoyed the
sweet consolations of religion, "Why," says
the white man, should there be such a dif-
ference? Why has God forgiven your
sins, while I go mourning? I have done
all that I can do, but I can find no com-
fort." "Suppose," says the Indian, "there
came along a great prince. He holds out
to you a suit of clothes, and says, 'Here,
take these and welcome!' You look around,
feel ashamed, and say, 'No, my clothes
pretty good yet; they do little longer, thank
you, sir.' Then the prince, rather angry,
says, 'Here, Sam, take the suit.' I look;
my old blanket all rags, cold and dirty;
'Thank you, thank you, kind sir!' Poor
Indian now be warm and happy."—Wes-
leyan Mth. Mag.

Virtuous Actions, the Best Monument.

A man's best monument is his virtuous
actions. Foolish is the hope of immorta-
lity and future praise, by the cost of sense-
less stone—when the passenger shall only
say, here lies a fair stone and a filthy car-
cass. That can only report thee rich—
but for other praises, thyself must build
thy monument alive, and write thy own
epitaph in honest and honorable actions.—
Which are so much more noble than the
other, as living men are better than dead
stones; nay, I know not if the other be
not the way to work a perpetual succession
of infamy, while the censorious reader, up-
on occasion thereof, shall comment upon
thy bad life; whereas in this, every man's
heart is a tomb, and every man's tongue
writeth an epitaph upon the well-behaved.
Either I will procure me such a monument
to be remembered by, or else it is better to
be inglorious than infamous.—Bishop Hall.

Russian Marriages.

Marriages in Russia are curious. The
priest meets the parties at the door of the
Church. The relatives also enter, having
received the benediction of the priest.—
They go with him to the altar, where he
puts wax candles in their hands—a crown
is placed on the bridegroom's head. The
priest puts a ring upon one of their fingers,
and it is passed round, till it is placed on
the finger of the bride. He goes round
the altar, followed by the friends and the
couple—he gives his benediction. It takes
place in the richest Church in Russia.—
The same ceremonies are performed on a
marriage in the family of the Emperor,
except that the crown is held above, not
placed on their heads. Being present once,
at a marriage of the royal family, the crown
was held up by boys, and it was amusing
to see them stretching themselves, to hold
it up. The music was delightful. I have
frequently heard the choir of the Pope, but
it is nothing when compared with what I
heard at that marriage. I never heard mu-
sic so touching. Their dresses were beau-
tiful. The bride had a train twelve feet
long, made of rich velvet, and lined through-
out, with ermine, and it took five men to
bear her train, and as she moved round the
altar, followed her. It was attached to her
dress, below the shoulder. There were
many things about it very imposing. The
Te Deum was sung most beautifully. There
are many singular things connected with
their private life. When making a dinner,
the host and hostess do not sit, but like Ab-
raham, serve their guests. The gentlemen
go up to the ladies and kiss their hands, and
if they are intimate, the lady kisses his
cheek. These are Asiatic customs, but
there is no doubt in a few years, they will
pass away, and European be introduced in
their place.—Dr. Baird.

BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—The setting of
a great hope is like the setting of the sun.
The brightness of our life is gone. Shad-
ows of evening fall around us, and the
world seems but a dull reflection—its self
broader shade. We look forward into the

coming lonely night. The soul withdraws
into itself. The stars arise, and the night
is holy.

STRANGER'S SEAT.—One main objection
to the system of owning pews in a church,
would be obviated, if the congregation
would always act upon the principle im-
plied in the following anecdote.

Some time since a lady went into the
Church of this City, and asked a boy
at the door if there were any stranger's
seats in the church. "Yes madam," said
he. "Then please show me one." "Walk
in," he replied with a polite bow, "They
are all over the church.—Watchman and
Obs.

TYPE.—Some of our readers may have
seen a book bearing this title, the author of
which, an American, slanders the Sand-
wich island missionaries and missions with-
out stint and without a blush. A copy
having reached the islands, the Editor of
the "Friend" published there, in speaking
of this work of Melville says:

"Scores of passages might be quoted,
showing that the writer sunk lower than
the debased people among whom he took
up his temporary abode. On the islands
of Polynesia are scattered multitudes of
young men from Europe and America, who
are living in the same condition of Rou-
seau society, and it only needs the pen of a
Melville to make such a life worthy of
praise. It surely is not strange that such
a man could find but little to praise and
much to blame in the efforts of his misson-
ary countrymen."

PROTECTION INSURANCE COMPANY—FIRE AND MARINE.

CAPITAL \$200,000. Office No. 5 Exchange Build-
ing, North of the State House, Hartford, will take
Fire and Marine risks on terms as favorable as other
Companies. Office open for the transaction of business
at all times during the day and evening.

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Daniel W. Clark, Wm. A. Ward,
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Charles H. Northam, Elisha Peck,
Wm. Kellogg, Thomas Belknap,
Lemuel Humphrey, A. G. Hazard,
Benjamin W. Greene, E. G. Howe,
Willis Thrall. DANIEL W. CLARK, President
William Conner, Secretary.
Hartford, Jan. 1847.

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Office North side State House Square, between U. S.
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THIS Institution is the oldest of the kind in the State,
having been established more than 30 years. It is
incorporated with a capital of \$150,000, which is in-
vested and secured in the most possible manner. It insures
Public Buildings, Churches, Dwelling Houses, Mer-
chandise, Furniture, Books, and personal property gen-
erally, from loss or damage by Fire, on the most favor-
able and satisfactory terms.

The Company will adjust and pay all its losses with
liberality and promptitude, and thus endeavor to retain
the confidence and patronage of the public.
Persons wishing to insure their property, who reside
in any town in the United States, where this company
has no Agent, may apply directly to the Secretary, and
their proposals shall receive immediate attention.
The following gentlemen are Directors of the Com-
pany:

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S. H. Huntington, Charles Bowtell,
H. Huntington, Henry Kent,
Albert Day, Wm. T. Lee.
JUNIOR S. MORGAN.
ELIPHALET TERRY, President.
Hartford, Jan. 1847.

ATNA INSURANCE COMPANY,

INCORPORATED in 1819, for the purpose of insur-
ing against loss and damage by Fire, on Capital
\$250,000, secured and vested in the best possible man-
ner—offer to take risks on terms as favorable as other
Offices. The business of the Company is principally
confined to risks in the country, and therefore so de-
tached that its capital is not exposed to great losses by
sweeping fires. The Office of the Company is kept in
their new Building, next west of Tremont's Exchange
Coffee House, State street, where constant attendance
is given for the accommodation of the public.

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Samuel Tudor, Miles A. Tuttle,
Joseph Pratt, Ezra White, Jr.,
James Thomas, John L. Bowell,
Ward Woodbridge, Ebenezer Flower,
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fected. Hartford, Jan. 1847.

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A SURE REMEDY FOR WORMS.

THIS preparation has now been before the pub-
lic nearly twenty years. Its great efficacy
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vor.

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Lancaster, City, July 13, 1844.
Messrs. B. A. FAHNESTOCK & Co.,
Gentlemen.—Several of the younger branches of
my family laboring under symptoms indicating worms
induced the application of various remedies, and I am
happy to say that your Vermifuge has effected the desired
result, in no instance removing the most incredible
number of 151 of the large worms from one patient,
which in addition to its other tested qualities is a
family, establish the efficacy of your Vermifuge as a
cure.
M. CARPENTER,
Mayor, Lancaster City.

UNPARALLELED IMPROBATION AND EFFORTS!
An individual named S. Fahnestock has recently
asserted that the article which he calls "Dr. S. Fah-
nestock's Vermifuge," is the same or equal the Vermifuge
prepared by me.
The public are assured that this is a BASE FALS-
HOOD, and are hereby cautioned against confounding
the spurious article with mine. It is carefully dissem-
inated in its composition, and does not possess the virtuous
powers of my preparation.

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fully offers his services to the citizens of Hartford
and vicinity. Having enjoyed the advantages of
the extensive practice of Pennsylvania Hospital, with
the most distinguished Physicians in that city, he is
competent to treat disease in any of its forms.
Office (Italian Hall Building, Main street, where he
may be found during the night.
Sept. 17, 1847.

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D'Aubigne, D.D.
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